

The Triumph of Human Engineering

I am ugly I am pink
I can grow and I can shrink
I can control the way you think
But that's not my function

I come in many shapes
In different sizes am I made
I'm up early on a good day
Ready for action

When I work I don't get thanks
So sometimes just as a prank
I stay sleepy soft and lank
As he say's that he is sorry

Shaken to his core, he says
It never happened to me before
And it won't happen any more
He says, I promise

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I'm always kept out of sight
I can be dressed to the left or right
If my clothes they fit too tight
Then you can see me

Sometimes I'm given the chop
With a head like that Kojak cop
Like the last chicken in the shop
Who would want me?

When it gets cold I get so small
There's almost nothing left at all
The same if he's afraid to fall
It's a chain reaction

I've got this little rubber hat
But I don't think so much of that
So I've got the moves of pat
To let it slide

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I crave the warmth and moisture
It is always a great joy to
Be lost so deep inside you
That's my thing

I love it when we go
Slip sliding to and fro
'Til he shouts "Jeronimo"
And the game is over

Later in my life
He thinks of others than his wife
Fantasies running rife
To save the day

Then if I'm really ill
There's that clever little blue pill
To make sure that where there's a will
There is a way

Oh what a joy it is
To be swinging in the wind
To bathe in sun warmed air

Old ladies run and hide
Old men avert their eyes
Others simply stop and stare . . . at the triumph of human engineering